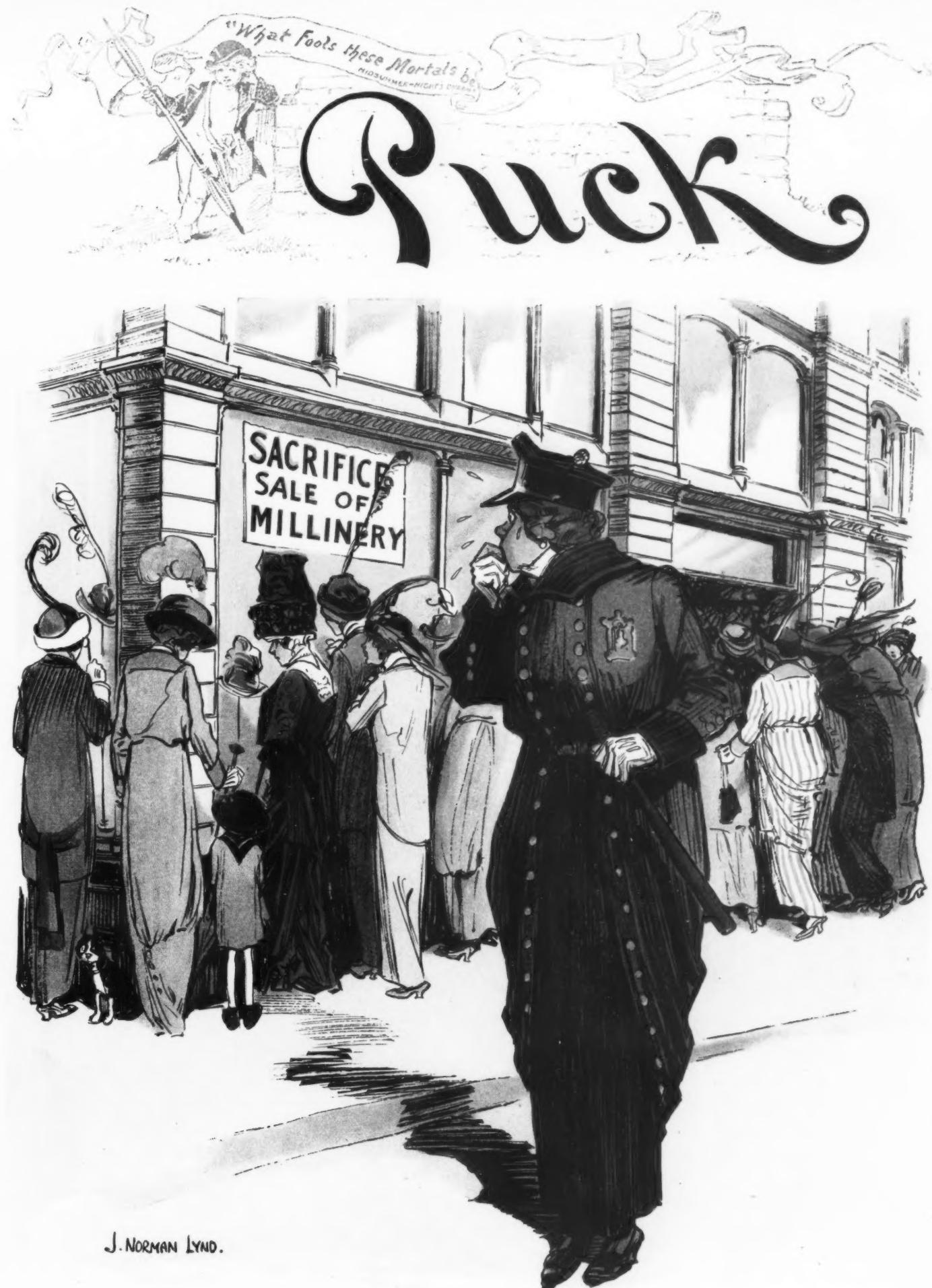


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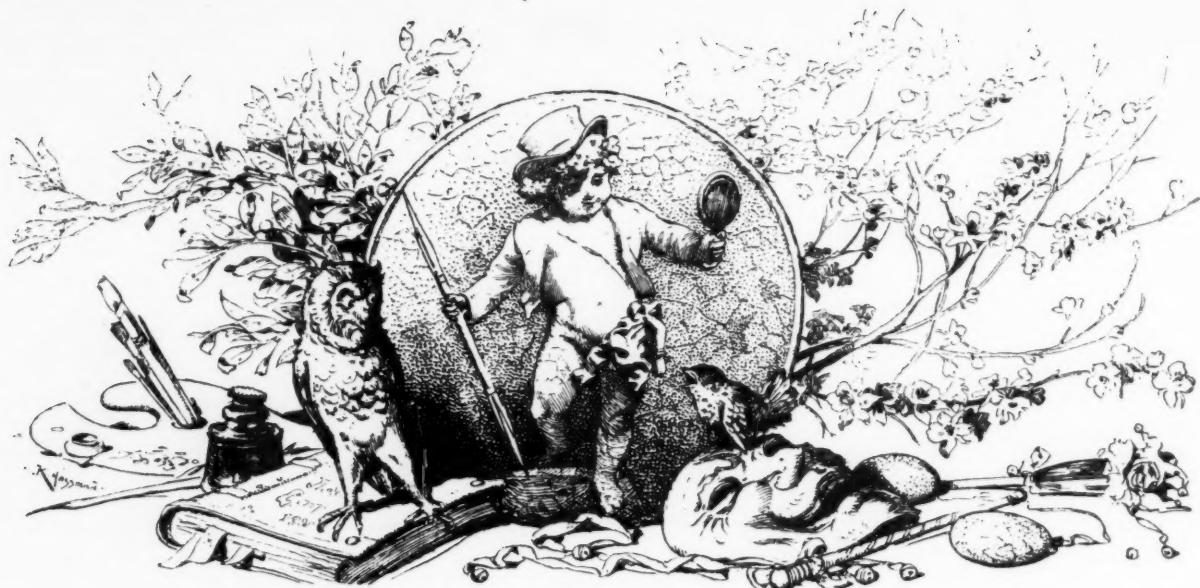
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



#### THE LADY COP.

She will never be a success on some "fixed posts."



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### Cartoons and Comments

#### PUBLIC BILLS, PRIVATE POCKETS.

IT is unpleasant to think of old Uncle Samuel as a pickpocket. His white hair and goatee and his kindly face, so long familiar, belong not naturally to a member of the light-fingered throng. And yet, in regard to the diplomatic service, pickpocket is just what he is. He puts his hand in the pockets of his ambassadors and pays with their money his expenses abroad. He loves to have himself thought rich and prosperous, but when it comes to paying adequate salaries to the men who represent him in foreign capitals he behaves like a miserly old uncle who would conceal his wealth from the world. He knows, does Uncle Sam, that the wages he pays to his ambassadors in London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg are wholly inadequate; yet he prefers, seemingly, that other money than his own should make up the deficiency; that he should be represented in a way befitting his size and importance, but only at someone else's expense. It is time that Uncle Sam got out of this habit of thinking, and stood before the other nations as an affluent old gentleman who is willing to pay his bills himself. It is a mistake to assume that large expenditures on the part of his ambassadors are unnecessary. Lavish excesses, such as rows of liveried footmen, are not essential, but this is still a world of exteriors and "front," and there are costs attached to embassies which must be met, or Uncle Sam and his representatives might become objects of pity, if not of contempt. Strictly speaking, in these days of cable service the world over, when the State Department can receive and transmit

by wire matters pertaining to its foreign relations, Uncle Sam might almost dispense with ambassadors altogether and not be much embarrassed; but so long as this is not to be thought of, the old man in the red-white-and-blue suit should be willing to maintain his representatives in the style to which other countries are accustomed. Anything, apparently, would be more satisfactory to his self-respect than to recognize the necessity of such expenditures, yet to be willing to meet them only out of private pockets. Uncle Sam should be big enough to pay his own bills. It should make not the slightest difference whether his ambassador to London or Berlin is as rich as the Rothschilds; he is there on Uncle Sam's business; his establishment is maintained as part of Uncle Sam's State Department; and the charge is a public charge. No restrictions could be put, of course, upon the amount of money a rich ambassador might spend from his private means,

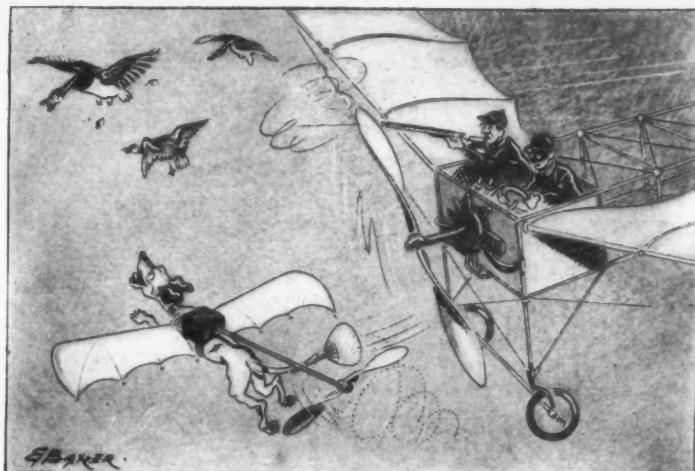
but it is obvious that an ambassador who does not happen to be a millionaire should have salary or allowances enough to make his position as the successor of a millionaire at least bearable. An ambassador should not longer be defined as a huge bag of money completely surrounded by human flesh. As for embassies, Uncle Sam might as properly expect his Presidents to hunt up quarters in Washington at their own expense as for his ambassadors to go from pillar to post in foreign capitals. There should be permanent embassies, rent free for ambassadors, the same as there is a White House rent free for Presidents. The ambassador is more than a representative of the United States. In the country to which he is sent he is the United States.

VERILY, verily, "chickens come home to roost." They may take a long time in coming, but they come at last. For years, through excessive protection, it has been possible for a select band of monopolists to levy a heavy tax on the bulk of the American population. The consumer has had to pay an ever-increasing price for everything he ate and wore, and vast fortunes uprose with the consumer's helplessness for their foundation. Now, upon many articles of common use, including food, the tariff is to be greatly reduced or wholly removed. But this is not all. Swollen fortunes, reared by a monopoly tariff, will now lose a trifle of their swelling by virtue of the Income Tax. Some of the money, wrung from the public pocket, will now go back to it.



MAYOR GAVNOR.—What's the matter? I can't smell anything.

STRICTLY FRESH.



THE LATEST THING IN BIRD-DOGS.

## AMBASSADOR.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO WOODROW WADSWORTH LONGWILSON.)



THE shades of night were falling fast,  
When through our Washington there passed  
A man who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device:  
"Ambassador!"

His brow was sad; his Princeton eye  
Gazed through his specs at earth and sky;  
And like a Bryan clarion rung  
The accents of his pleading tongue:  
"Ambassador!"

On, on, he stalked, yet as he sped,  
Unanimous, men broke and fled;  
And loud they shrieked in mortal pain  
Whene'er he voiced that dread refrain:  
"Ambassador!"

"Oh, try no more," an old man said,  
From out a tree-top high o'erhead—  
"We've none of us got gold enough."  
But quick he thundered, loud and gruff:  
"Ambassador!"

Then at his side, with brandished fist,  
A Suffragette lady hissed:  
"Didst say Ambassador, base sir?"  
But with one word he squelched her:  
"Ambassador!"

On White House steps, at break of day,  
They found him as he slumb'ring lay—  
E'en in his sleep he sighed and sobbed,  
And through his lips one word still throbbed:  
"Ambassador!"

Robert G. Bellah.

## A CAPABLE WIFE.

MRS. HOUSEWIFELY.—I never had a laundress who could do up white dresses as nicely as your wife does.

RASTUS (*grinning admiringly*).—Ya-as 'm. Mandy's a right handy 'ooman. She kin do me up jes' as easy as one o' dem air dresses.

## UNLOADED.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—Whatever will you do if your business ceases to be profitable in a year or so?

GRAMERCY.—Don't be alarmed, my dear. By that time we'll have sold all the stock in the company to the public.

*In the practice of medicine it often happens that a jolly does the work for which the prescription gets credit.*

## NOTHING MUCH.

"YOU say, madam," said the lawyer to the woman on the witness-stand, "that it was ten o'clock at night when you first heard the trouble in the

## PERFECTLY SAFE.

MISS HATCHET.—I have no sympathy with a timid woman. Now, I am never afraid to go out at night!

street in front of your house, and your family were all in bed. Did you do anything after going to the window and watching the policeman arrest the man?"

"No—at least nothing to speak of.

I just set some bread to rise and mended a hole in one of my children's stockings, and put some clothes I wanted to wash the next day to soak, and chopped up some potatoes and meat to make hash for breakfast, and put a button on my husband's trousers, and set the table for breakfast so as to save time in the morning, and laid the fire so I would n't have anything to do but light it in the morning. Then I sort o' tidied up my kitchen and seeded some raisins for a cake I wanted to bake the next morning, and emptied the water under the ice-chest, and went down cellar to see that the furnace was all right for the night. I brought some apples up from the cellar and peeled them so as to have them ready for something I wanted to make the next morning. Then I wound the clock and read the morning paper a few minutes, and did three or four little things a woman is apt to have to do before she goes to bed when she has a family to look after, but nothing to speak of, after all."



WILL THIS BE THE OUTGO OF THE INCOME TAX?

## AND THE AUTO WAS BOUGHT.



THE DAUGHTER.—If the Highflyers can have an auto I don't see why we can't have one. I don't believe that they have any more income than we have, and they have a four-thousand-dollar car. They say you can get a car of that price by paying only a thousand down.

THE SON.—A thousand! The auto dealers would jump at the chance to sell a four-thousand-dollar car for five hundred down if they got good security for the balance. I know a fellow who got a fine car by paying only two hundred down.

Auto dealers are so thick, and competition is so sharp, you can get any kind of an accommodation if you want to buy a car.

THE MOTHER.—Is that so? I must say that I think it would be awfully nice to have an auto. It would save a lot of car-fares and, of course, we would learn to drive it ourselves. They say that you can drive I forget how many miles on a gallon of gasoline, and it comes very cheap if you buy it in large quantities. We might go in with some one else and buy a whole barrel. Seems as though we might afford one if the Highflyers and nearly all of our other neighbors have one. What do you think about it, father?

FATHER.—Business is rotten. But what difference does it make what I think? If the rest of you are set on getting it I don't count. I never do, I notice. Go ahead—don't mind me.

THE MOTHER.—Now, father!

THE DAUGHTER.—We can economize in lots of ways, and why couldn't we put a small mortgage on the house to make the first payment? Lots of folks do. Then, I have often thought that we don't need so large a house as this. We might let two or three rooms. Or we might move out and take a small flat that we could rent for a good deal less than we could get for this house.



TRAVELING ON HER SHAPE.

THE MOTHER.—So we could! I declare, Mabel, you ought to be in business. You have so many good business ideas. I have been wondering if we could n't do as so many are doing now and have no breakfast? It would save a lot in the course of a year, and I do think that all of us eat too much. Of course, father would have to have something; but I think that the rest of us could do without. Then I think that we could set a much plainer table, and—

THE FATHER.—Now see here, Maria: You're not going to come down to potatoes and bread to buy an auto like the Sofheads did.

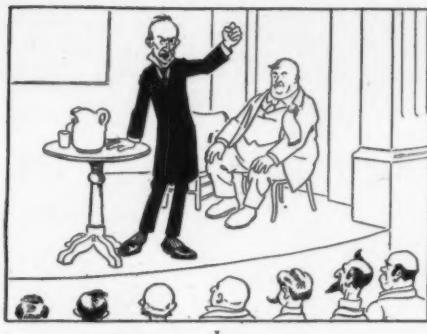
THE MOTHER.—No one wants you to come down to bread and



A SUGGESTION TO PRESIDENT WILSON.

It would expedite matters if all applications for office were made on talking-machine records.

NEW YORK'S DIGNIFIED MAYOR.



"This man Curedham is a corrupt little cur of a blatherskite. If he doesn't like what I say about him, let him stew in his own juice!"



"Paper just left for Your Honor."



"Sue me, will he? I'll show him! Just wait till I get at him!"

potatoes, father. But I am sure that we could do without some of our expensive desserts, and we could eat less meat, which is the costliest thing one has to buy. Then, if you were willing, Mabel, you and I could go without new Spring suits, and Joe could do the same.

THE DAUGHTER.—Why could n't we let the maid go and do the work ourselves, mamma? I am sure that I would be willing to. If we come down to two meals a day it would lessen the work a lot and give us more time with the car. Let's let the maid go.

THE MOTHER.—I am sure that I am willing to if you are. What we would save in that way would buy both of us auto coats in a month or two. And there's another thing: We would n't need to go away next summer if we had an auto. We could stay at home and take auto trips as so many do. Then there's lots of little ways we could save. Mrs. Skinner was real surprised when I told her the other day that you and I each gave fifty cents a week to the church. She said that she thought twenty-five was enough to give with our large membership. If you and I cut our subscription down to twenty-five cents each it would be a saving of fifty cents a week right there, and with all the money pouring into the missionary treasures nowadays I think that if we gave a dollar each it would be enough. There's lots of little ways we could save if we bought that auto. What do you think, father?

THE FATHER.—I think that you will get it, no matter what I think.

THE MOTHER.—Now, father!

THE SON.—I bet I could learn to drive the thing in three days. I'd be willing to cut down a good deal on my cigars to help pay for it, and I'd just as soon as not cut out a lunch now and then when I don't feel very hungry. If we can get the spindulix for the first payment I guess we can manage the monthly instalments. Say, dad, why could n't you borrow the first-payment money on your life-insurance?

MOTHER.—Sure enough! Depend on Joe for the right idea at the right time.

DAUGHTER.—Oh, papa, do!

FATHER.—I've borrowed on my life-insurance now until I have about reached the limit.



"I was only fooling, old man! Can't you take a joke?"

MOTHER.—Why not go to the limit and borrow enough for the first payment on the auto? It would really be a saving in many ways to have the auto. We could take you into business every morning and pick you up in the evening. It would give you a better standing in the business world if it was known that you had a fine auto. It looks so prosperous. We might look at autos and see what we can do.

Max Merryman.

SOME LIFELONG FRIENDSHIPS.

"ONE of the delightful things about traveling is that you make such delightful acquaintances," said Mrs. Chatterby across the luncheon table to Miss Giddylove. "Every place we went when we were over last summer was so pleasant to know. We really made some strong friendships. There was such a charming family from Cincinnati in London. Their names were—funny how that name has gone from me when I had it right at the end of my tongue! It began with H, or was it B? Is n't it aggravating to have names go from you like that? Anyhow, they were delightful people and while we were going to Berlin we fell in with another delightful family from Chicago named—what was their name? I know it as well as I know my own name. It was quite a short name. I'll think of it presently. They had a married daughter with them, a Mrs.—what was that woman's name? She was a tall, slender blonde, with such lovely dark eyes. I'd know her if I saw her ten years from now because of her eyes. I'll think of her name presently. Then when we were in Berlin we met such an agreeable family from Milwaukee named—I don't know what in the world is the matter with my memory to-day. I had the name of that family right on the end of my tongue, and now—the name was something like Ryker or Stryker or Dyker—

funny I can't remember it when I want to. Haven't you often had the experience of not being able to recall a name? Anyhow, we did make such warm friendships with people we shall never forget. Never!"



BREAKING THE NEWS IN HADES.

SHADE OF MAGELLAN (to Balboa).—Say, there's a crazy loon who says it ain't necessary to go round South America to get into the Pacific Ocean.

*Nothing less than an automobile will satisfy some people, yet we have seen others look radiant in an automobile coat.*

## GUIDE FOR PAINTING THE FACE.

**F**OR A GIRL OF THIRTEEN YEARS: Avoid, if possible, the heavy rouges used by mother. Purchase at any good grocer's a lighter shade and a fresh rabbit's-foot and apply with a swishing movement to the right cheek, then to the left cheek, taking care to have both cheeks balance. If the right cheek looks to be getting a little too red, swish a little more on the left cheek and continue the process until both cheeks glow with equal intensity. Touch the chin sparingly. Mark the upper lashes with an eyebrow pencil and draw a slight curve through the



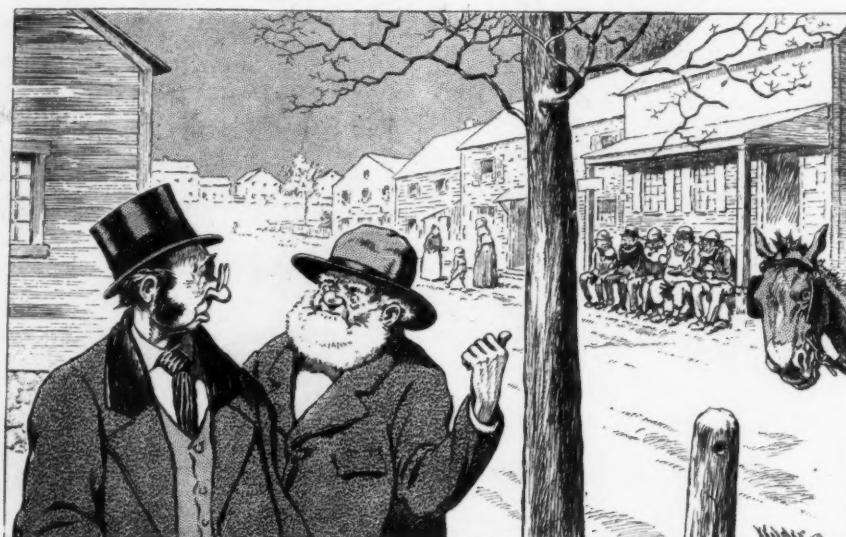
## TO WHAT BASE USES!

**THE MAID.**—"T is the elegant ceilin' brush the missus's new hat do be makin'.

brows. You will find this plan a ready and absolutely invisible means to rejuvenation.

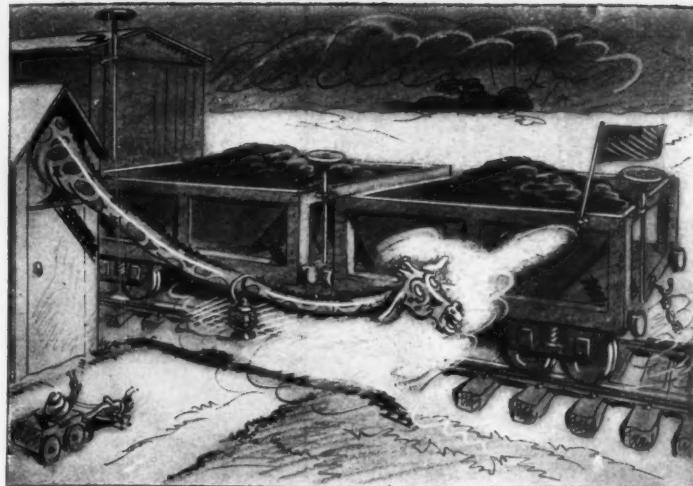
**FOR A GIRL OF SIXTEEN YEARS:** Follow the directions as above, but draw the color upward about the temples. Outline the bridge of the nose with a thin piece of chalk. Carmine the lips to the juvenile shade of a burned pie, and when walking on the public streets assume the expression of a great, big, beautiful doll. If a street-corner loafer takes liberties with you do not hesitate to summon a policeman.

**FOR A GIRL OF THIRTY YEARS:** As age advances, the natural color of the cheeks



## INDUCED.

**VISITOR.**—"But what inducements do you offer large industries to come here?"  
**UNCLE EBEN (viciously).**—"See those five old fellers on the porch there? If you'd listened to their talk you'd know that any one of 'em thinks he could manage the business of the Standard Oil Company and the Government at the same time!"



## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

**THE CROSSING GATE.**—"Twenty-nine cars! I'm going to kick for more wages! These long trains give me a crick in the neck!"

retreats and centres more under the cheek-bone than upon it. This is an unfortunate fact of Mother Nature. However, women will do well to pay no attention to such a tendency. Apply the rouge as for a girl of thirteen years (see above) and insist on a slightly brighter hue for the lips. For advancing wrinkles apply any good face-wash, and when on the street see that the pink face-powder is liberally secreted in the hollows of the skin, for, you know, it fills up the depressions due to age and looks to strangers like a girlish bloom. At thirty-five years it is well to make the color brighter on the summit of the cheek-bone and to restore the departed lustre of the eye by placing a tiny spot of crimson at the inner corner of the lids. It is totally invisible and when a transformation wig is worn renders a female bewitching.



**FOR A GIRL OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS:** Keep the color high on the face and add a good enamel to your morning repertoire. When on the streets, keep the lips compressed into a firm line as illustrated here-with, and raise the eyebrows like this ???. This valuable movement stretches out numerous hollows and

renders the whole expression *chic*. And I may here remark that if men stare at you on the street do not hesitate to write to the newspapers on the need of a new police force.

*Robson Black.*

## IT WORRIED HER.

**OLD LADY** (watching moving-picture photographer taking a street scene).—"I must be getting deaf! That man's grinding his hand-organ and I can't hear a note!"

## COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

**STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.**—"Fare!"

**FARMER GEEHAW** (indignantly).—"I put my nickel in the slot between the tracks before I got on!"

**A** LARGE proportion of the money that makes the mare go is invested in wild oats.



ALL, ALL ARE GONE.

SPEAKER.—Friends, I miss to-night many of the old faces that I used to shake hands with!

BALLAD OF OLD ACCOUNTS.



SHE:

These old accounts! They mean a fight!  
(He's feeling good—it's that cold beer!)  
I'd rather handle dynamite;  
Their very crumple hurts my ear.  
What makes you look so pleased, my dear?

HE:

Your dinner was delicious.

SHE:

Oh, thanks! These bills, then—while you're here.

HE:

How very thoughtless women are;  
When I am smoking my cigar  
The time is very unpropitious.

SHE:

Perhaps it really was n't right;  
Those bills, of course, might interfere  
With his digestion, so to-night  
I'll try my best to engineer  
The job before he eats; it's queer,  
Such times he's less capricious. . . .  
The bills: Now Charles, don't play austere.

HE:

A woman has no *savoir faire*;  
When I am hungry as a bear  
The time is unpropitious.

SHE:

I'll try again—the sun's so bright  
(I think he's caught the morning cheer):  
A woman should have second sight.

HE:

Great air this morning, Guinevere,  
It makes one sure of his career  
And ever so ambitious.

SHE:

Come, then, the bills, my chanticleer!

HE:

Before one breakfasts? Can't you see  
You'd really spoil my day for me—  
The time is unpropitious

ENVOI.

Oh, husbands young and husbands sere!  
What worse trial can you wish us?  
For settling bil's, it would appear,  
All times are unpropitious.

Jane Burr.

AFTER a man has made a reputation it is the trying to decorate it that generally gets him into trouble.

LITTLE did the heroes who made history dream that they were merely turning out material for historic fiction.

*According to some theories of municipal government the object of public works is to work the public.*

THE INNATE PERVERSITY OF TIRES.

GOOD TIRES.

AUTOMOBILE tires have different characteristics. There are good and bad tires and a great mass of mediocre ones. Some tires are sober, steady fellows that will only puncture under protest (for instance, a tack inserts a sharp and pointed argument), and with those on his machine one can feel reasonably sure that they will come back with the same air they started with. These tires will run on and on, until the rubber is all gone, the fabric worn through in spots, and the inner tube shows in places.

They will finally blow out in the garage on some rainy day when a fellow has nothing special to do and can patiently put on patches, or at the door of their own agency. Such tires, when worn out, should never be sold for old rubber, but should be hung up on the wall of the garage as a testimonial of the owner's eternal gratitude and as an object-lesson for their running mates who are not so gifted.

BAD TIRES.

There are some tires, the heavy villains of motordom, that will puncture for no conceivable cause or because they are weary and would like to rest awhile. That kind of a tire will at times use the treacherous valve leak, which will hold for a few miles after repairs have been made, and then will start leaking with fiendish glee, or will use the deadly and irreparable rim cut which necessitates walking; or the sneaky, silent, slow leak; *i. e.*, all the air leaks out and no hole can be found. Never has a tire of this sort perpetrated any of its villainies within a reasonable distance of home. It would consider such a thing an eternal disgrace. Generally the aforementioned atrocities take place about thirty miles from home, on a very hot day and at least a mile from any shade, and about four or five miles from a drink of cool water. Often one extracts a tack from his deflated tire in plain sight of those satanic signs reading:

USE  
PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES  
CAN'T LEAK, PUNCTURE,  
OR BLOW OUT.

H. B. Flarsheim.

AN INFERENCE.

"PAPA, is it really true that coffee is injurious to some people?"

"I presume so, my son. At any rate, our respected ancestors seemed to consider pistols and coffee a dangerous combination."



EXTRACT FROM ANY OLD NOVEL.

"THE BARON RAISED HIS EYEBROWS."



THE PUCK PRESS

IN THE AMBASSADORIAL  
SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (*to Shade of Washington Irving*).—This is



SADORIAL RECRUITING OFFICE.

ng).—This is no place for us. We'd never come up to the requirements nowadays.

IT DROVE THEM TO DRINK: A TRAGEDY OF THE FUTURIST SHOW.



I.



II.



III.

HEART AND HAND.

"**N**o, mamma! It has really happened and — he — young Simpkins, you know—he really — Oh, mamma!"

"Dear child! I thought he stayed dreadfully long last night. He really proposed?"

"He sure did, and I — well, of course I told him I would give him my answer later, and he's coming again to-night. What shall I say?"

"It all depends, dear, on whether you really love him or not, and — I had your father look up his father in Bradstreet's yesterday and he's A1 there. Your father thinks he is worth a good million at least, and Edward is the only child. Of course, if you love him and —"

"He isn't very handsome or —"

"My dear child, looks are not everything. Far from it! You know he has two autos, and one of them a limousine that never cost a penny less than six thousand."

"So he has! And papa will never be likely to get me an auto."

"I doubt it. But, of course, you must n't think of marrying him unless you love him, and — he would probably take you to Europe on your wedding-trip, and he belongs to two of the most exclusive clubs and his family has the *entrée* to the best society, and your papa says that he has an allowance of a thousand a month; and of course, being the only child, he is sure to come in for a large fortune in time, and — but do you feel that you really love him?"

"Yes, mamma. I think I do."

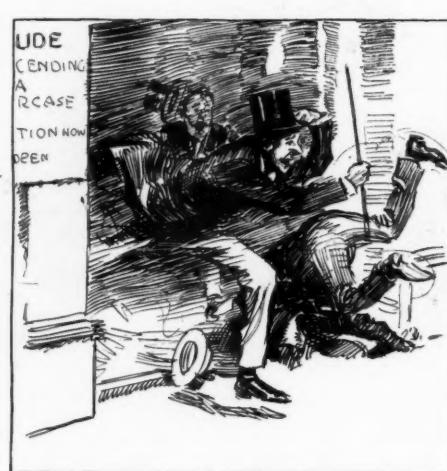
"Dear child! Then accept him when he comes this evening. Mamma is so glad that her one little girl can give her heart with her hand when she marries. It is so dreadful to marry without love, you know." *M. M.*

MONEY TALKS.

"Do you ever meet the president of this road?"

"No," replied the commuter. "He travels in a motor car that makes better time and has fewer accidents."

**Y**ellow journalism is the logical effect of trying to make constant readers out of an inconstant public.



IV.



V.

HER GOWN.

"I WOULD be willing to help me a little in pickin' out a dress for my wife," said Uncle Abner Granger to the young woman in the ladies' suits department of a Broadway store.

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir."

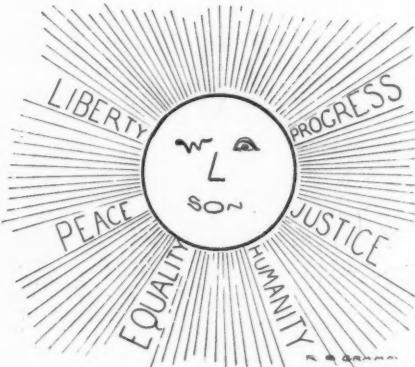
"Well, it's like this: I've just made a deal by which I'll clean up a good five thousand, and I'd like to give my wife a brand-new dress all ready made. She's four feet ten inches tall, and tips the

beam at two hundred and thutty nine pounds, and she likes bright green best of any color. I see in the paper that what they call the decoletty gown is all the rage now, and that's the kind I want for her—I want it so she kin wear it to church and when she goes visitin', and — Anything teched your funny-bone? A body would think so from the way you've got the giggles." *M. W.*

WHEN one starts out to avert a catastrophe it is important to start early.

MIGHT doesn't always make right, but often nowadays it manages to make good.

THERE are a good many necessary evils that are not so necessary as they are convenient.



THE SUN THAT SHINES FOR ALL

(EDITORIAL NOTE: Notice the length of the kiss. As might be suspected by the casual reader, the author of this masterpiece is Mr. Robert W. Chambers.)

*Donald A. Kahn.*

# The Lay of the Lonesome Lodger

Poor Thompson was weary. He'd been to a show,  
Because he'd no home, and had no place to go.

"No home," did we say? It is true he'd a "room,"  
But he dwelt there alone, in bachelor gloom.  
He had one comfort left: it cheered him to think  
That when he got home he would have a good drink.

A bottle was always awaiting him there;  
(The label was *quint*, but the bottle was *square!*)

And now, as he thought of the flavor in store,  
He hurried his diggings-ward footsteps the more.

The bottle he'd "marked," and had placed on the shelf,  
To see if the "cat" had been helping herself.

But when he'd reached home, and had poured out his glass,  
He found that the flavor had altered, alas!

Right up to the "mark"—he was *sure* 'twas his own—  
The *contents* still reached—but the *flavor* had flown!

"Though *thin*," he exclaimed, "I declare it's 'too thick.'  
I'll alter my digs—to my whisky I'll stick!

"It's 'up to the mark' in the *quantity*—yes;  
But, thanks to the water, the *quality's* less!

"I wish that some genius would work with a will,  
To make a new bottle that wouldn't refill!"

Next morning he told his best friend of his woes.

"Why, look here," cried his friend, "right under your nose  
"Is just what you're looking for. Read this new 'ad'  
A protective bottle at last can be had."

Cried Thompson: "New stopper! You can't pour it back!  
By Jove! I believe that they're on the right track!"

"And—luck double-headed!—old Johnnie Walker!  
Talk of 'good tidings'—this 'ad' is a talker!"

"Both 'Red' and 'Black' Labels—aged ten and twelve years—  
No more substitution! An end to my fears!"

## JOHNNIE WALKER

**RED Label** (*Every drop over 10 years old*)   **BLACK Label** (*Every drop over 12 years old*)

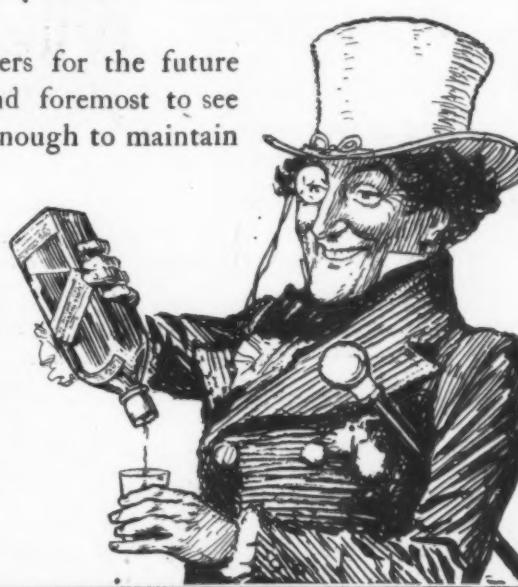
To safeguard these ages, the policy of the distillers for the future is the same as their policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain the unique quality.

### HOW TO POUR.

Tilt the bottle quickly, nearly upside down. If the whisky does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set the valve in motion.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Johnnie Walker whisky in the new "Protective Bottle," send us a postal card with the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied. Address:

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway,  
New York.



"RIGSBY never discusses the tariff."  
"That's remarkable."  
"Why so?"  
"Rigsby knows nothing about the tariff."—*Age-Herald*.

"EVER see Mantell?"  
"Yes, once."  
"In what part?"  
"As *Sherlock* in 'The Merchant of Venus.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

AWFUL END.  
"What became of that Russian count who insulted you?"  
"He choked to death."  
"How did that happen?"  
"I made him swallow his own words!"—*New York Mail*.

**Imperial**  
Gold Label  
**Beer**

Bottled only by the Brewers  
**Beadleston & Woerz,**  
NEW YORK

ELIHU ROOT was cross-examining a young woman in court one day.

"How old are you?" he asked.  
The young woman hesitated.  
"Don't hesitate," said Mr. Root.  
"The longer you hesitate the older you are."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—**The Standard Remedy for the feet** for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, Trade-Mark. 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E's in FEET.

### AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.



BERTIE.—I've been having a lovely game with this Post-Office set you gave me, Auntie. I've taken a real letter to every house in the road.

AUNTIE.—How nice! And where did you get all the letters?

BERTIE.—Oh, I found a big bundle tied up with pink ribbon in your desk.—*Punch*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grapefruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### EXPLAINED.

Mrs. Hennessey, who was a late arrival in the neighborhood, was entertaining a neighbor one afternoon, when the latter inquired:

"And what does your old man do, Mrs. Hennessey?"

"Sure, he's a diamond cutter."

"Ye don't mane it!"

"Yes. He cuts th' grass off th' baseball fields."—*Lippincott's*.

# Pears

"Beauty and grace from no condition rise;

Use Pears', sweet maid, there all the secret lies."

Sold Everywhere.

### TWENTY YEARS OF TEAM WORK.

In commenting upon the completion of twenty years' faithful service of Judge Frank N. Barksdale and E. S. Stewart in the Pennsylvania Railroad, the *Philadelphia Record* has this to say:

With the close of 1912 Frank N. Barksdale and E. S. Stewart, manager and assistant-manager, respectively, of advertising in the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, will have completed two decades of remarkably successful service. In recognition of this and suggestive of the team work of these two men, the attachés of the department have had prepared and presented to their chiefs a cartoon representing Barksdale and Stewart as the team drawing the old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, with George W. Boyd, the general passenger agent, handling the ribbons. This cartoon has been supplemented by some verse written by H. L. Weir, of the department, entitled "My Team and Me," in which Mr. Boyd is supposed to describe the wonders of this remarkable team.

Mr. Barksdale came to the Pennsylvania Railroad a raw young Virginian in January, 1883, entering the passenger department as a clerk. His experience prior to that had been principally in newspaper work, he having been editor, business manager and general all-around factotum of the *Jeffersonian Republican*, of Charlottesville, Va., a paper founded by Thomas Jefferson. His literary and descriptive ability soon made itself manifest in the various pamphlets put out by the passenger department descriptive of various special or personally-conducted tours, as well as the general advertising matter, and attracted considerable attention both in railroad and advertising circles. In 1893 he was placed at the head of the department.

His team-mate, E. S. Stewart, entered the Pennsylvania service in the advertising department in 1893, having come from the Reading. In 1900 he was made assistant manager of advertising, his duties being largely the preparation of advertising matter, after the copy has been supplied, and its distribution.

### SEE AMERICA FIRST.



Courtesy of  
Great Northern  
Railway.

LAKE LOUISE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA.

Copyright,  
1913, by  
Kiser Photo Co.

## OUR PRESIDENT!



From a copyright photograph  
by Paul Outerbridge, N. Y.

## PUCK'S PORTRAIT OF Hon. Woodrow Wilson

In Colors Size 14x21 inches Price Ten Cents

SECURELY WRAPPED AND MAILED  
ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

ALL patriotic Americans should have a copy of this life-like picture, which has been pronounced by competent critics to be the finest portrait on the market of the President.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York

THE very worst habit  
To get in your head,  
Is to send girls flowers  
Before they are dead.  
—Siren.

FAIR BUDD.—Uncle, I wish you'd give me that beautiful lace handkerchief we saw to-day for my birthday. It was only five dollars.

UNCLE.—Nix! That's too much to blow in.—*Princeton Tiger*.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.—As required by the Act of August 24, 1912. PUCK, WEEKLY. Editor, A. H. Folwell, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. Schwarzmann, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Business Manager, E. A. Carter, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Publishers, Keppler and Schwarzmann, Inc., 295 Lafayette St., N. Y. STOCKHOLDERS.—Keppler & Schwarzmann, Inc., 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Estate of A. Schwarzmann, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Estate of J. Keppler, 295 Lafayette St., N. Y.; F. B. Opper, 147 West 88th St., N. Y.; C. J. Taylor, 16 Gramercy Park, N. Y.; H. Wimmel, Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. BONDHOLDERS AND MORTGAGEES, none. E. A. CARTER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913. SABATO MALAFONTE, Notary Public, N. Y. County. (My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

TO AN EARLY-DAY SUFFRAGETTE.

After discoursing at great length on the emancipation of women, a young woman asked a statesman:

"Supposing women were admitted to govern the affairs of the commonwealth, what post would you assign to me?"

"The management of an institution for the deaf and dumb."

"Why that?"

"Because either those unfortunates would learn to talk, or you would learn to keep quiet." — *Wit and Humor of American Statesmen*.

TOLD TO AN ENGLISHMAN.

An English clergyman turned to a Scotsman and asked him:

"What would you be were you not a Scot?"

The Scotsman said: "Why, an Englishman, of course."

Then the clergyman turned to the gentleman from Ireland and asked him:

"And what would you be were you not an Irishman?"

The man thought for a moment and said:

"I'd be ashamed of meself." — *Manchester Guardian*.

**PUCK PROOFS**

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



HAND PAINTED. By W. E. Hill.  
Proof in Colors, 14 x 12 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

This is but one example of the  
PUCK PROOFS. Send  
Ten Cents for Fifty-Page Catalog  
of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK  
295-309 Lafayette Street · NEW YORK

NOT SO STRANGE.

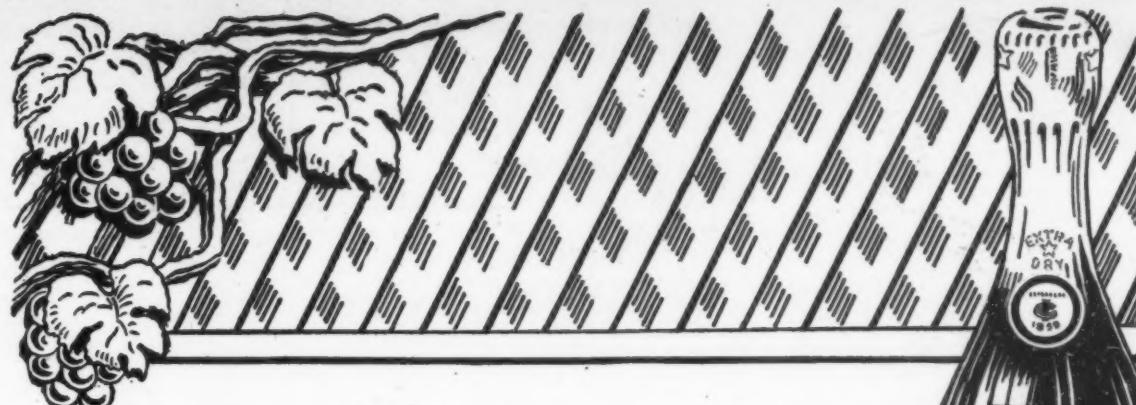
A woman was discussing the English language with Rudyard Kipling.

"Don't you think it strange, Mr. Kipling," said the woman, with superior wisdom, "that sugar is the only word in the English language where 's' and 'u' come together and are pronounced as 'sh'?"

Mr. Kipling's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Sure." — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

MRS. CASEY.—What der yer think, Pat, the kid walked to-day for the first toime.

CASEY.—Good boy. Send him out for a pint! — *Princeton Tiger*.



## Plain Facts about Champagne



Can the customs officers impart life, bouquet, flavor to a wine? Can a transatlantic steamship freight department improve the purity and deliciousness of a champagne?

If so, by all means pay \$2.00 for your champagne — of which Uncle Sam gets 60¢ for duty and a steamship company 40¢ for freight.

But if not — buy Cook's *Imperial* and get the best of champagnes, all of whose cost goes into quality.

*Sold Everywhere and Served Everywhere*

American Wine Co.,

St. Louis, Mo. 5



THE AGITATOR.—I have here, my friend, a leaflet, giving seven reasons why you should come out on strike —

THE OTHER.—Look 'ere, old mate: I've got one reason why I don't come aht—an' there she is. You go an' argue with 'er! — *London Opinion*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures you getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WIFE (bitterly).—When you married me you did n't marry a cook.  
HUSBAND.—Well, you must n't rub it in. — *Boston Transcript*.

RECRUITS.

JIGSON.—Hear you have had an addition to your family.

NUGSON.—Yes, two.

JIGSON.—Twins?

NUGSON.—No—a baby boy and my wife's mother.—*Tit-Bits*.

"WHAT an old-fashioned person Mrs. Larrabee is."

"Yes. I believe she continues to wear a petticoat." — *Record-Herald*.

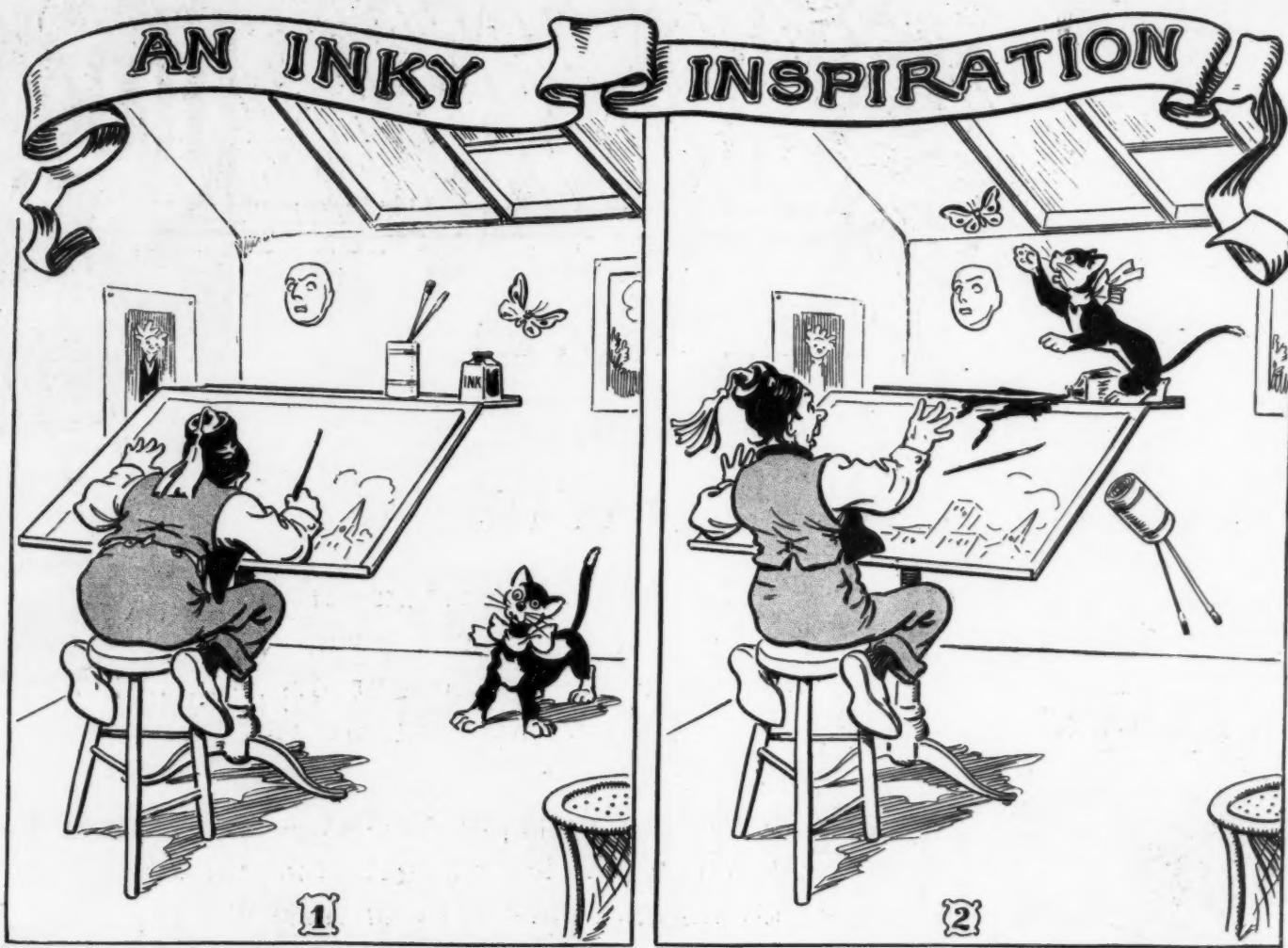
## BUNNER'S Short Stories.

SHORT SIXES.  
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.  
MADE IN FRANCE.  
MORE SHORT SIXES.  
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, \$5.00  
or separately  
Per Volume, in Cloth, \$1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.



A. M. GALENS

## HUGE MERRIMENT FOR DELIGHTED READERS!

Send at once for the Two Popular HUMOUROUS POEMS

one called

"The Taming of the Militant Suffragette!" (or, "Eva's Swishing!")

and the other

"A Spanking Dream!"

Both Poems (illustrated) for 50 Cents.

SAM FIELD, High Street, Stratford on Avon, England

WILLIE'S MAMMA.—Is James a nice boy to play marbles with?

WILLIE.—Sure! I can beat him every time.—*Lippincott's*.

## You like to HUNT and FISH

### You like to go CAMPING—



then surely you will enjoy the *National Sportsman* magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full to overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, camping, hunting, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The *National Sportsman* is just like the *club* for men in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun. Think of it, twelve round trips to the woods for a \$1.00 bill.

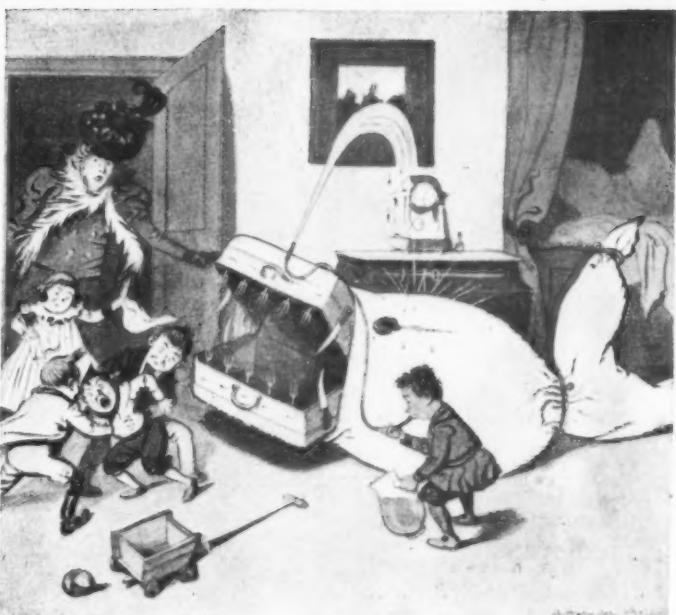
#### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Just to show you what it's like, we will send you the *National Sportsman* magazine for three months at your expense. Just send us the same *National Sportsman* Brotherhood emblem in the form of a Lapel Button, Scarf Pin, or Watch Fob, as here shown, on receipt of 25¢ in stamps or coin.

Don't delay—Join our great big Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Nature-loving *National Sportsman* Brotherhood today.

National Sportsman Magazine, 78 Federal St., Boston.

OH, THESE CHILDREN!



MOTHER.—For heaven's sake, children, what are you doing here?

HANS.—We're only playing Jonah and the whale—but Karl absolutely refuses to allow himself to be swallowed.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## THE HIRE THE HIGHER.

TEACHER.—What is the difference between "I will hire a taxi," and "I have hired a taxi?"

KID.—About six dollars and a half.—*Times-Democrat*.

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF  
**RHEUMATISM**  
50¢ & 75¢ AT DRUGGISTS or 93 Henry St. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"THE Joneses go in for a lot of fuss and feathers."

"Yes, Jones gets the fuss and his wife the feathers."—*Town Topics*.

## Laugh and Grow Fat!

## Take PUCK and Laugh!

# Yassah! Yassah! Yo' Sholy Kaint

Go Wrong

If You Subscribe for

# Puck



The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

As a Home Paper **PUCK** will please you

- ¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does not handle  
PUCK, ask him to order  
it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

# Puck

NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send  
me a liberal package of sample copies of  
PUCK.

Name .....

Address .....

# P. A. puts joy in jimmy pipes!

That's because it *can't bite*—Prince Albert gives you the rare privilege of smoking *all* you want without a tongue sting! Let that put a dent in *you*—the man who loves his pipe and suffers from fire-brand tobaccos; and *you*, who gave up a pipe because it would not fit your taste.

Get this, men, as it's handed out, fair and square: P. A. is the one tobacco that's got everything any man who knows the delights of a pipe or a "home-made" cigarette ever dreamed of. It *can't bite*, because the bite's removed by a patented process. That's why millions of men fondly call P. A. the "joy smoke." *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert!*



*the national joy smoke*

Tastes more-ish every time you finish a jimmy pipe load—just kind of lingers with you, and first thing you do next is to fire up, again!

Prince Albert tastes so good, and smells so good, and it's so fresh and friendly-like, you just wonder how you ever did put in hours of misery with the old fire-brands!

**5c**

That's the counter sign for P. A. in the toppy red bag.



## Get this:

P. A. makes the bulliest cigarette you ever did hook up a match to. It's fresh and easy to roll—and the flavor—well!

*From the Atlantic to the Pacific,  
from the north woods to the gulf—  
for your convenience—you can buy  
P. A. in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the  
tidy red tin, 10c; also in handsome  
pound and half-pound humidors.*

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.